

M1526  
Friday, Jan. 24, 1969  
New York City  
Group IV

### Part One

Mr. Nyland: It's customary now by this time that I say something. Not necessarily in reference to music. In reference to life—the way we try to live, the way we try to think about life—and then what we do. There are now several tapes of meetings I listened to, and they gave every once in a while rise to some questioning. It is so difficult to keep Work straight, really not to make a mistake. One is so often misled. And the difficulties that come up all the time, is that you start to think and of course you wish to feel, and then you start to interpret. And then you start to take experiences as if they are results of Work, and they are not—although they are very beautiful.

I hesitated a long time to talk at—was it—Portland; at Reed College, where I mentioned, really, for the first time, different ways of approach. And I hesitated with that, but it was necessary in order to explain that there are different types of people and that not everybody will look, even, at Work ... and even when it is spelled out in a certain way, and even when it is formulated clearly and sometimes takes the form of what we call 'A,' 'B,' and 'C'; that there are different ways of approach, that they all must lead to the end, which is the end of an Impartiality and an end which is culminating in the formation of something that for us could become Objective.

And therefore it doesn't matter which road you will follow, but it does matter that several roads have many more temptations. If one could remain quite strictly adhering to that what is needed when one says 'Observing,' or the creation of something that is Objective as an 'I', and one can keep that constantly in front of oneself: The necessity of the creation of that what is free from ourselves. Because that's the only way by which we can have a concept of what ultimately

should represent God and what for us in this life is possible to create as having attributes which belong partly ... if one understands it correctly, partly to all beings, partly to Infinity, partly to non-dimensional entities, partly to certain things that have a different kind of a nature and are higher than where we are; and partly, of course, belonging to a realm in which we talk about Consciousness and Conscience and a Man having a Will of his own as a result of his 'I', and that ultimately such an 'I', when it can exist and when it can grow when it is fed correctly, that then after some time this 'I' takes over and becomes what one should become.

But that ... when one starts to think and tries to make something Objective in one's mind, that what one wants to create is not entirely clear. Because who are we, subjective as we are—and unconscious, and in so many ways mechanically brought up and mechanically acting, almost I would say 'without any particular reason' than only automatic—and that then in our psyche in some way or other there is a kind of a concept that there ought to be a possibility of freeing oneself from this what we call the 'bondage' of Earth. And that this question of freedom has to be pursued by means of something that is created by us with the best of our intentions; to the extent even that we think we know, and sometimes we assign it a term 'as-if' it exists, hoping then that in that kind of an 'as-if' existence there will be a possibility to become reality.

But when one talks about it and one wants to describe it and say, "Yes, there is Mars and there is Beelzebub and the telescope looking at Earth and one has to Observe, and one Observes that what is the easiest to Observe or at least what gives the greatest possibility for such Observation if I wish to receive the truth about myself"—that is, if I want to find out what it is that I really am and in that sense, then, try to make this intellect function purely as an intellect recording certain facts which are for me absolute—*that* is the difficulty that I want to explain. And I have to use then a word 'Impartiality' so as to indicate that there should not be any interference whatsoever in this Observation process, and I ascribe then to 'I' a quality which is much more Godlike than I really realize. Because I wish that 'I' to do something that I am not capable of in my ordinary life; and I say I wish to 'create' that, and I hope then that to some extent it is created in an image of that what is higher than I am and I call that my 'God.' Because it is that towards which I want to strive and to grow ... to grow up to and to see if, in some way or other something could be reached, or a contact could be made, or that what is in ordinary life could be understood in the right way as that what motivates me and that what is the reality of my life in my life as it is now, even if I call it unconscious states.

So, when I hesitated a long time to get away from this idea of a little bit of intellectualism, of trying to explain it and put things in words and clarity so there could not be any mistake about the necessity of receiving facts which are Impartial, then I don't want to talk too much about another kind of an approach which, almost for lack of a better word, I called 'intuitive,' and which of course has to do with one's feeling, and which has to do with an emotional state. Because that is what, after all, one is after to reach—something that is not of this world—and that in that sense, then, I feel ... and I hope I emotionally feel and I dedicate, then, myself to that what is formed; what I can feel as that what is the highest and I hope, then, that that what becomes an emotion for me, *when* it actually starts to grow in the right direction, *also* will give me facts about myself.

Because I cannot get away from the idea that I must have facts. Because I have to have a foundation to stand on, and I must know what I am in all truthfulness. Because I do not wish to have anything known about myself that is shaky. It has to be absolute. I've called it many times the 'rock' on which one builds, and if I believe that there is a necessity of building something that can withstand the onslaughts of ordinary life and won't die and that is also an image of that what I call a 'higher' form of life for me, that then I have to start out with the knowledge of what I work with and how I begin, and that then I have to have the truth about myself.

Now, how can I get the truth when I am emotionally inclined and there is no particular desire to put anything in words, but that I wish to feel and in that, when my state is such that I say it is an emotional something that 'takes hold' of me and I know it but I only feel it. I cannot explain it, I cannot use words for anything, I'm also afraid that if I do use words that then I do harm to that what I feel.

And so one talks as if something is 'present' to one. One feels, then, such presence and one says that presence is really that what will 'help' me. But, how will it help me when this presence of mine is still a projection of myself; and therefore the quality of that kind of presence, I have to be present to that and that has to be present to me, what quality is needed for that. If I can say in so many words "If God were present to me, then my behavior would be quite different" because I would be through with lying to myself, I would then admit that that what I think every once in a while is the truth, in the presence of God cannot be the truth. Because I cannot belie in the presence of that what I consider God as a definition for myself in my life, and when I say emotionally this is for me my God and I wish that to be present 'to me,' that then in that state,

that what is present—now, you might say, ‘looking’ at me—will not tolerate any untruthfulness.

It cannot tolerate all kind of talk. It cannot tolerate all kind of explanations of why this happened and that happened. That what is present has to see facts as they are, and they also represent then, for me exactly the same as an ‘I’ Impartially looking at me, feeling with me, being with me.

It doesn’t matter if I start with an emotional state. And of course it is beautiful ... because I don’t want to use words too often and too much of them, and I don’t want to get stuck... When a person is not intellectually inclined and has feeling and knows the depth of a feeling sometimes and he calls it an ‘emotional’ state because he considers, then, not only himself but the totality of all things alive, or perhaps that I say that what is the highest for me—and again, I say it is ‘His Endlessness’—that then the accent is not any longer on me but on that what I hope to become; that then for that reason ... and that kind of a presence to me will make me think or feel twice or three times to see that that what it is present to, is in that kind of a state of Impartiality.

This is the difficulty when I talk emotionally. It’s much easier to define Impartiality by simply saying, “Yes, in an intellectual recording I cannot afford to have anything that somehow or other I like or dislike.” But when I emotionally am involved in that what I see, and I feel for myself what it is and sometimes may even have pity, or that what I describe as myself in an emotional state as myself what I am, then of course in that feeling I will also have a certain judgment. And the difficulty of getting clear facts which are truthful in an emotional sense is extremely difficult. But when I can compare it to that what is in the presence of His Endlessness, then I will be—that is myself—will be as well as I could make it.

But, you see, the bridge is not crossed as yet. Because when I say, “As well as I can make it,” it depends on what I think and what I feel; and for that reason Impartiality is like the creation of an impartiality ‘as-if’ God could be Impartial to me—or that that what I am in the presence of Him—is a different kind of a creature, which I know only within my own Conscience. So the development on an emotional scale has to be dependent on the development of one’s Conscience, exactly the same as the development of an ‘I’ has to be based on the development of one’s Consciousness.

And those roads are parallel, and they feed each other. They are needed for each other to affirm, from the standpoint of an emotion that what is right intellectually, and from the standpoint of intellectualism that what is right emotionally. That is why the ‘Do-Re-Mi’ and the

‘Sol-La-Si’—that is, the ‘Do-Re-Mi’ of intellectual, Soul body and the ‘Sol-La-Si’ of the Kesdjianian—always must be parallel and always exchange between each other. Step by step the ‘Do,’ ‘Re,’ and ‘Mi’ correspond to the ‘Sol,’ ‘La,’ and ‘Si,’ and that ultimately that what will help me to go further with the Soul is supplied by the energy accumulated in the Kesdjianian body.

But you see how necessary it is to see that these things belong together. Because, even intuitively I gain knowledge. There is no question about it. There is always a point at which that what is for me my feeling of the highest kind, has to be expressed in some form. Because I am not as yet free from such a form, particularly not since my emotions have to have an outlet. And to live solely on an emotional scale when I’m still a human being in this kind of a body, I will need every once in a while, if necessary for the communication towards His Endlessness, a way of saying things, or perhaps even prayer or that what I call ‘devotion,’ or that what is perhaps necessary for an exchange of ideas between people. I want to say it or I want to show it in some way, because I cannot always depend on that what is an emotional state functioning independently of the other two. And that is exactly where I am apt to make mistakes; because then in using the ordinary forms of unconscious existence I apply, then, certain ways of expressing to that what should be expressed in an entirely different way.

And that therefore this presence to myself can only take place when that what I am emotionally is sufficiently free from any expression. That is why, that the Kesdjianian body at ‘Si-Do’ there is Silence. Because that is the only way by which, then, at *that* point something can be accomplished: So that there is no necessity for the formulation, and no necessity for the expression in a physical way. But sometimes the expression and that what I say is like a prayer ... can conform to the state of one’s emotion, and even if I do not know I can take on a posture that belongs to it. I can take away all the different things which are noisy and which prevent me. I want to exclude that—the rest of the world—from my senses, and I want to come to the place where I am emotionally in existence.

If it were possible, in this particular intuitive direction, to reach that what is within one and within one’s own world essential essence ... and what we say is as if life then being, in one, concentrated at that one point *also* then becoming ‘free’ from an expression but simply existing, and that what exists then not having any further dimension, does not require an expression but only a Being.

So that what is needed for the intuition and for the emotional approach, is a level of Being. I must be so honest with myself, so completely yielding to that what I believe in and what I think actually that I could reach and that I feel the nearness of it, that then in that kind of a state I will lose myself. This is the requirement of intuition: When I then emotionally become, as it were, ‘consumed.’ Because this is what will happen with my Conscience. When that Conscience starts to function it has a direct relationship to that what is His Endlessness, and what I then judge of myself is always in line with that kind of an Impartial Criticism which, then, for me becomes the foundation of which I can stand.

I say these things because it is so easy to fall in the trap of being feelingly interested in Work. It is right as an approach for certain people and they should not bother too much in the beginning with ABC, but they should take the Impartiality as the one thing that is required, which I’ve said so many times: That unless this so-called ‘Observation’ is a process which goes over into an Awareness, by the introduction of that kind of Objectivity which I call ‘Impartial.’ That what I am to accept it *as* I am, it doesn’t matter if I reach that by means of my mind or by means of my emotion if my heart as it were is ‘in’ it, if that what is me is centered in my heart and *not* centered in my solar plexus. Because that belongs to my body, but my heart is, as yet, pure ... and it is not developed at all than only functioning in a physiological sense, but it should be the place where I could invite God to come and take the proper place regarding me. My heart should be the center of myself and that heart, even when it is not that center, it should be occupied by the form of life I associate with Magnetic Center.

You see, when there is Impartiality in this particular process, I don’t worry about the moment and the instant. That is a different matter. I can understand that as an experience intellectually, but when I’m united in that what is me—within me, I say ‘without dimensions’—it is the moment of my life. And therefore I say, “Don’t worry about Simultaneity.” It will come. When I understand Impartiality hundred percent, logically it must come. Because at such a time, time has stopped and I’m no longer living either in the future or the past. I am, then, in the presence—the same as that what is within my Conscience is the presence to myself—in life in time ... in eternity.

This question came up in one of the meetings, I believe it was Albuquerque. I’ve hesitated for a long time even to talk about such things, than only I was forced to do it at Reed College. And ever since that tape is in existence and people have listened to it, it always has caused me a

little difficulty of giving too soon something that is really too sacred.

Work must be given only when one is ready to receive it in the right way. And that therefore these teachings are not based on that what you find in books. Because if you read, you can always read the end and you would get spoiled prematurely. But even with tapes, it has to be very carefully arranged that when one listens, one listens in the proper attitude, and not take just because it sounds all right. Only take that what you verify with your experience. All the rest, leave it until some day you will understand it. In exactly the same way as you read All and Everything, just take what you can and leave the rest. It will be there when you call. It is a book to be taken off the shelf every year at least once, and every year to be read at least once and then to see if the experiences of the year have helped you to understand a little more, each year, of that what is contained in that what I call 'scripture.'

So, when we drink, we drink to Work, as well as we understand it. For each one of us, different as it may be, intellectually, emotionally, a mixture, it doesn't matter. The one aim is, freedom.

## Part Two

Mr. Nyland: The same kind of thing happens in ordinary life when you try to become serious. Because you have many experiences in your life that are very lovely and beautiful, and one wants so much that that what you experience at certain times, and which means so much to you, you would like that to be used—or rather, sometimes you think it is already God-given. I think it's extremely difficult for anyone who is esthetically inclined and developed, a person who can see the beauty of different things—not only Nature; also the beauty in other people, who can see beauty in art, who can even see beauty in religion, who can be affected by the structure of a building, who can be under the influence when something is there, created, and having a meaning, and having a very definite expression of purity, as pure as one perhaps could make it; there is sometimes in the presence of da Vinci or Michelangelo or a Bach or Beethoven or...—such a thing goes through you, and you don't really know where to place it.

You get up in the morning and there is a blue sky and sunshine. You stand in front of the window. You open it. Let's say it is Spring and there is life and you see it, you feel it, you hear it almost. And you look out ... and you look over the distance and you start to think, or perhaps it is your feeling carrying on a wave and you try to put a few things in order in order to retain it; because your feeling is ephemeral but the thoughts and the words can be held, and for that reason

you sometimes want to say it, even if it is only a sigh and say, “How beautiful this morning.” And here I am profiting by it, experiencing that lovely marvelous something. I wake up and there is life again. During my sleep I didn’t know very much about it, but all of a sudden my eyes open, and there is the world and I am filled with, let’s call it ‘joy,’ or ‘beauty,’ or ‘sense of life,’ or responding to that what really you want to Be and are at that moment.

And then one says, “Why isn’t that Work. Why isn’t that the contact with God.” Why is it that I at that time must feel that it is very similar to that what I try to produce with such difficulty all the time. Here it happens to come ... because there it is: The Sun shines for me and I open the window but I stand and I breathe it in, and for me that kind of beauty when I go and take a trip and I stand in awe in front of the Grand Canyon or the Rocky Mountains or I see the glaciers; or whatever it is that I see when I look at a child and I see the beautiful expression—completely innocent—and I see it in people, that they are whole and that they say things and they mean it and that there is no wrong hair on their head, everything then for one moment seems perfect. And you know it is true: At such a time one is in touch, or in tune, with Infinity. One is lost—exactly that losing, that what makes that what is within one exist—and then one says, “But, I wish to continue,” and then your mind comes in and your feeling wants to be expressed, and you want to do something—you don’t know what—and in the doing and in the thinking and in the feeling you lower really that because after a few moments, or perhaps a few minutes, or maybe you carry it with you during the day but it is not that intense, and you do damage to it because it cannot stay on Earth.

This is really the trouble: It is, at that moment that one is not of this Earth. At that one moment one belongs to something else. One belongs then to the Sun and the planets. One belongs to the universe. One belongs to space completely away from that what is a speck of dust of Earth. One sees at such a time with one’s mind’s eye. One feels with one’s heart. One is then One, in some way or other, because one is One oneself. And this is really the reception. I then exclude, for one moment, all things. And it is beautiful to me and it is out of this world for me, and I come down to Earth, I shut the window, I say “Now my daily task,” and then I lose everything.

I have a memory. I want it. You know, it is like sometimes praying and one has a note or a chord or something and it is there and there is no mistake it is there, and then a little bit of a cacophonical something comes in, it is not there, you weave it in but you know it is not that.



You know you have states in which you feel, and the word you say is just the wrong note, or you say too much or perhaps not even enough. Because you don't know *what* to say and perhaps such feelings and such emotional states must not be expressed, but we want it because we are human. If we only could get rid of that—that human quality, that what makes everything so equal in the end. That what really bothers us, *that* is what prevents us from Working. Because we are using such states as a substitute, and although in principle they are right and they do belong to moments one will not forget because they are in touch with something that is different, I cannot produce them.

That what I experience is like a prayer to God. But it is as if God gives it, and it is not because I ask for it. Because when I ask for it, then I want to put it in words of a certain kind and I say, “Make it like the mountains. Make it like the beautiful, blue water. Make it like the ocean, with the waves. Make it like a storm. Make it like lightning and thunder. Make it like a little zephyr. Make it like a little flower that I won't forget.” And I tell God, “Make it like that, like that, like that,” and of course God doesn't hear it. He doesn't ... He cannot hear it—it's not that He doesn't want to.

How do we take these things then in life, you see? Because, we must use them. Because they are legitimate, they belong to life. Life is not the question of withdrawal. Life is not an ivory tower. Life is not an uninhabited island. One is right here in New York City, in the country, at certain times getting up like that with such feelings—a feeling well, a feeling full of life that has to come out in some way or other; and you feel like yelling and crying ... at the same time, something must come out, and what will then be the result? You get rid of that energy. And you might say it is ‘useful’ for the time you have it and it is useful for the memory of it, but what does it build you. Because this is the pragmatic question: What good is it to me. If it is only an embellishment of my present life—that is, the form in which I now live—then that form disappears. And, what happens. Can it be that it actually affects my life as perhaps a substance, *or* can it stay with that form of life in me that at the present time is receiving, through the form, this kind of an impetus to wish to continue to live.

But, life always lives. I don't have to do anything about it. The trouble is that I don't live, and for that reason I think that I have to feed life. I don't. I have to accept that what is the beauty as existing like life in me exists, and I don't have to do anything else but just to drink in what is life outside, to life what is *in* me; and at that moment I forget my body, I forget my form,

I forget the thoughts, I forget my feelings, and still I exist because that life remains.

This is really the problem. Because if I want to bring it back—that is, if I want that kind of experience on the basis of life and not on the basis of the form it has taken—or the manifestation, or the words, or whatever has been used—then I have to go somewhere else where I find life first. And if I could imagine, or even experience, life without a form, I would be the happiest man on Earth. Because I wouldn't be a Man. This is really where we get stuck. Because we lose ourselves in such beauty, and we take it as a substitute. Because the search for life is so difficult. One doesn't want, really, to go through any kind of an effort when one has already such beautiful moments; and even if one wants to admit that you have to be in a certain state to receive them and that perhaps you have to go to certain places in order to be able to experience them, and that perhaps you have to find certain things that represent it either in art or in whatever form you happen to be affected by ... so it becomes a little accidental and a little dependent on your surrounding.

This is the second reason why it is not right for Work: Work must be within oneself. Work must be available to me wherever I am. It must be—like God is—omnipresent to me as Work; whenever I call on that what I wish to become in the form of 'I', Objectivity, freedom, Conscience, that that is there for me then anytime whenever I wish, whenever the conditions are right, whenever, you might say, I'm 'entitled' to it. Constantly this kind of an attitude should one have towards Work. This attitude of prayer: I will be in communion with something that is not my own, but I make it my own because I uncover it. And it turns out that it is me, but I don't know it; because of all the forms I have to go through and all the manifestations and all this what I call my body and the rest of my personality—all of that prevents me from really seeing. And I'm blind to that what reality is and I only take that what I see as something that exists, and it has beauty and then I say there is 'life,' and it isn't at all. What it produces in me is a response; and that that what is outside then takes up something within me and that that is similar, that I can understand—that I feel, that I also Am but in miniature, or in my way, in my form, my human being—and now I have to find out how to get rid of this what is now the form that puts my life in prison.

You see, the logicity of how to Work is actually to find out what is the value of the form. When it is a form I must be able to Observe it without any description of the form, without liking it in any way whatsoever, or disliking it or be critical about it. Because it's only a form,

and what I wish is for 'I' to be able to meet life within me. And that is why I create 'I' with an idea that it can be Impartial to the form of myself ... and Impartial to all manifestations and to all my thoughts and all my feelings; because that what I experience, when something is beautiful I am touched within myself in that what is the reality of myself, and that I call 'Magnetic Center,' or 'God,' or 'I', or the higher forms of Being or whatever you wish to call it, for me it becomes the highest of that what I even could conceive of. And whatever is the highest, then just a little higher than that, *that* becomes God for me. It is outside of my conception. It is a certain form of knowledge and understanding which belongs to a level of that what I really am: The level of my Being when I am free from this body, free from this Earth, free from that what I now call the 'form' of my life and free from that form so that life is actually set free, and then something of me lives there.

So the beauty of Nature and the beauty of the world and the beauty of Mankind, the beauty of loving each other, the beauty of seeing life in one—the terrible thing when one sees it covered, when one sees it not acknowledged, when one sees it dragged down to low levels where it doesn't belong. When one sees the energy spent uselessly, when one looks at the Okidanokh for nothing whatsoever than just to attract attention of a few people so that they can go and see a show or that perhaps they know where there is a restaurant so that they can satisfy their stomach; all the god-damned nonsense in which we as Man pour energy, holy energy which belongs to this world, of course, but to a world of simplicity and not this nonsense that we make of it. And we produce and we 'progress' so-called, *that* is our word, our slogan where we kill ourselves. This is the sadness: That all the beauty stops us ... and that we take it and say "There it is."

Even if I say it's my own—like a self-expression, like an artist being so proud of having produced something so that he can put it up in a little gallery and a person will pay a thousand dollars for a little piece of it—what is it, really, that one wants to give. Why does one even want to publish anything that is of value, than only with an idea that maybe, perhaps tomorrow someone will come around and buy the book for five kopecks. And then take it home and then find out it is pepper and he doesn't want to pay it; because it was so lovely out of doors, but now when he reads it he has to face something that he really doesn't want to face—that is, his death. He thinks that life is eternal. And a human mind helps him to think it. And when he frees himself when he is alone in his inner, inner chamber, he knows what he faces. Because he knows that that what is life in him is still the form of a human being, and it still has to be fed and

still has to ‘live,’ so-called. It still has to be maintained. It still has requirements. It still is living on this Earth. It still has an aim on this Earth.

And when he comes out of his little room he faces the world and then, where is God? Because that is his problem. That is why the search for Objectivity is never hampered by any form of subjectivity. At any one time, anything that is subjective can be turned into an Objectivity by just shearing it from all the different tinsels that now belong and embellish this subjectivity and make it seem to be what it is—completely upside down of what is, in reality, something entirely different.

Because the Objectivity is within one, and it is covered by that what we are. And this realization—when I am affected by something beautiful, that then that what is touched I want to have contact with—and at such a time I say, “What is it in me that *feels* this as beautiful?” What is it as life in me that now *I* want to know. Because I don’t want to be dependent on accidental happenings. I want to... When I get out of the door and I want to call on God, I want God to be there for me so that He can light me, in Consciousness, on the path I have to go through life, and that He can give me warmth and heat, and actually energy and wish, in order to continue to meet conditions in life as they are so that ultimately I can accept myself as I am. Because I Work with myself, and I must know. I must know, once and for all, what is *me* that I Work with—what are my tools—so that when I can make something, that then because of this added knowledge, this kind of understanding becoming an experience of my Being, I will be able to understand others and then maybe at times help them to see the same thing.

That is, I wish for myself ... when I say I ‘want’ to Work, I want to receive that what is no form to me, and only life. I want to reach that what is within my own reality, my own God within. I want ‘I’ to be able to shake hands with Magnetic Center and tell it: “Come out, because it’s so beautiful out in the world.” You don’t know it because you have been covered up and all kinds of things have been done to you, but that what was the principle of life never was touched. Because life never dies. This is the problem of Work, and this is the problem why the search for Objectivity is the only thing that will give you the antidote for your subjective state.

That what gradually will loosen up, it has to be catalyzed in a certain way. And it cannot be done by prayer. Because in prayer ... I don’t step out on the street in prayer. I can be prayerful at times—of course—and I will have to be. I must know that there are times that I have to be by myself, that I have to be alone. There must be times that I dare to invite God so

that He proves He is Omnipresent and can be within my heart. Although, I don't know how to furnish that particular room. At times I will want to be that silent but I'm not always in that state ... I'm not always in such conditions, and that what I have experienced, even during such a time, doesn't last long enough. I remember it, but it is no reality. I remember the beauty of the mountains, but it is not with any reality when I have to cross a river in a boat that almost is perishing. I wish that in my life there is religion: To be that at any one time, when that kind of a philosophy can become real to me *then*, at that moment and not later and not before—at that moment.

That is why it's important to understand: What is God for me if He is not now. It's obvious He's not in a church. It's obvious He's not in the stars. He is not even in the universe. Because I don't know what that means, but I do know something of me—what is my life concentrated in that one form, where it is—and then it becomes untouchable; because what I parade as life on Earth are the little nerve nodes that are now in the rest of my body, spread over like solar plexus being spread in all kind of little blood vessels and wherever the skin happens to be and inside of my flesh; that I call my 'feeling,' and that is why it is so intimately connected with my physical body and that is why it is so difficult to separate such centers from each other, but when it can become concentrated like the son ... the prodigal son being called home... Because he wishes to go home. He remembers that what was and what the relationship was with his father, and the feast that is there when he returns—this means that that what is solar plexus has moved to the heart and is then united, and then it can stand up for itself as a family in which there is an understanding between father and son so that I, when I experience, become for that particular relationship the Holy Ghost.

But all these kinds of symbols, one can put together and put them in an envelope and address it to yourself: "To be opened after you die." We are still on the road. We are still just getting out of the room; just on the street, and all the different things of my sense organs are right there in front of me and I am, at that time, taken by all of it and I am then unconscious and I am asleep. This is the terrible thing. Because I see that every once in a while, and I say, "Oh my God, why can't I remain Awake." Like one moment I was Awake and I knew it, and it is as if God came to me and told me to Wake Up and I tried, and I was bound.

Why should I, as a human being, be bound on Earth—then there is something in one that becomes a Man, that is becoming to a Man and belongs to him, that is the remnant of that what is

his life expressed before he was conceived and that now takes a form as a Will as a result of 'I', as a result of Consciousness and Conscience working together as one unit, now manifesting as a Man should be as a Man, an Individual where all his personality has gone, somehow or other to be used up for the purpose that when he walks on the street, he calls on his personality to be Observed by something of a higher kind. And then he says, "This is my Work at the present time." *Now* is the opportunity. *Now* is the moment. *Now* this is the God-given possibility: That I know that at this time I can, in life, be Infinity. This is really how to Wake Up. This is really how to have the proper attitude towards the wish to Work. To Work on yourself, so help your God—you to Be and to become a Man on Earth.

To the future.

End of tape